

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI.
MOI WINTER.

Hal! Winter, ho! Winter, King of the northern blast! You must be all you greet us all, With grip that freezes fast. In rural young you've gathered up Your royal robes of snow. And by their trailing men shall trace Whatever was your name. Your grim retailers all, alike! Make but a passing trace Of biting sleet and stinging winds And ice and frozen rain. The rich with fur and blazing hearths Your caravans may scorn. While Mirth and Cheer may reign supreme. From wassail ever till morn.

But hal! Winter, ho! Winter, What about the poor. Who've no stronghold against the cold. No hibernation. To set at bay the stinging day. Or soften down the night. Who note the thickening window-panes With sinking hearts aghast. Who draw their babies close and sing Their shivering lullabies. Then sleep and dream of warming feasts To wake at morn with shuddering sense Of lengthened fast and cold. And find that gaunt-eyed Want hath wrought Its trace within the fold. Hal! Winter, ho! Winter, Hand your reign on us; God pity such and send warm hearts To all who starve and freeze. *—Miss Doris Dyer, Chicago Current.*

A QUAKERESS.

How Jack Dormer Fell in Love With "That Horrid Girl."

Kate Ingley stood at the drawing-room window in Cornish street, tapping the tip of her little Wellington boot impatiently with her riding-whip. A sharp summer shower was pattering down upon the street, and Kate was waiting until it was over to go out for her daily ride. Not that a shower of rain made, as a rule, much difference to Miss Ingley; for she was accustomed to go out in all weathers. She waited, and that she waited with declined to go out in a heavy thunderstorm, for which exercise of wise discretion Kate heartily despised her. She was getting very impatient. There seemed no end to the straight white rain shafts that came swiftly down from the heavy clouds. Miss Ingley's chestnut mare, led by a groom, was walking up and down outside. Kate loved her dearly; but there is a limit to equine affection, and at last she got quite tired of watching her. On the opposite side of the street was a book-seller and library, and she was accustomed to subscribe for the few three-volume novels, which at the time she skimmed through. It struck her all at once that her uncle was dining at his club that night, that she herself had no engagements, and that she had no book to read. An exciting notion whirled in her mind, and she slipped on one hand and sallied forth, picking her way gingerly across the muddy street. She went into the book-shop, and stood turning over a whole heap of works of fiction which lay piled together on the counter.

Miss Ingley had a tall, well-made figure, which looked its best in a riding-habit. She was a handsome girl, and yet her beauty was not of the order that is universally admired. She had bright brown eyes, a small, rousseau nose, a mouth that was full of decision and character, and a small head well set upon her shoulders. She wore her dark brown hair cut short all round her head, like a boy's, and in a profusion of thick curls, upon which her riding-hat now sat a little bit to one side, with decidedly rakish air. Miss Ingley had many accomplishments, but they were all of one character. She could ride, fish and swim; she was a good actress and a clever mimic; moreover, she could smoke a cigarette with entire ease, and shoot rabbits with precision. In addition to all this, she was the possessor of fifty thousand pounds comfortably invested in Government securities. With all these advantages, it was, perhaps, not wonderful that this young lady had a very high opinion of herself. Kate had heard it said that if you wish others to think well of you should begin by thinking well of yourself. She was determined to stand up to the opinion of other people; to be liked and admired was a monomania with her; so she set a good example to mankind by admiring and liking herself immensely.

As she stood in the far background of Mr. Adam's shop, she saw a young man enter the doorway with their backs turned toward her, leaning upon their dripping umbrellas. Mr. Adams bowed obsequiously and addressed one of them as "My Lord," begging him to take a seat. "My Lord," however, a slim young man of about twenty-eight, declined to be seated and went on talking to his friend. Kate glanced one at the two figures in the doorway, and she noticed that my lord's friend was tall and fair, broad-shouldered and decidedly good-looking. She did not think, however, that she had ever seen either of them before, and she paid no particular attention to them, but went on turning over the novels and dipping into third volumes to see if she liked the look of them. The two young men talked. It did not occur to Kate to listen, yet suddenly she heard one of them—the tall handsome man—remark:

"That's a good-looking chestnut walking up and down—I wonder who it belongs to?"

"Oh, I can tell you," answered the other. "It belongs to that horrid girl, Miss Ingley."

Kate started, and shut up the book she was fingering with a snap. An expression of horror came into her eyes, coupled with a blank amazement, that she almost comical. She listened in very earnest to what might come next.

"What makes you call her horrid?" asked the tall man, laughingly; "has she snubbed you, Kyrie?"

"Not she, I don't know her, thank God. She has got fifty thousand, they say."

"I see nothing horrible in that. She ought to suit you down to the ground, you genteel pauper!"

"She'd be dear at the price, or at any price, in fact; why, she swims like a fish, climbs trees like a monkey, talks slang like a school-boy, sweats like a trooper, shoots like a keeper, and smokes—bah! like a chimney!"

"After that, do you care to be introduced to this elegant heiress, Jack?"

"Not if I know it, thank you! If I had a chance, I should decline the honor. A woman of that description is revolting. I would go a long way to avoid coming across her."

The show was over. The two friends nodded to the shopman and took their departure. After a minute or two Kate came into the front of the shop.

"Who were those two gentlemen?" she asked of the man.

"The slight dark one is Viscount Kyrie, miss, Lord Greyrook's eldest son."

"And the fair one?"

"Mr. Dormer, a great traveler, miss; he has just returned from the East."

Kate coughed hoarsely.

She mounted her horse and rode away; and it was characteristic of her that she utterly forgot to call for the friend she had promised to ride with.

Her address was in the room dressing for her drive, she was told.

She bounded upstairs, two steps at a time, and burst like a whirlwind into the front bedroom.

"Good gracious, Kate! how you startled me!"

Lady Ellerton, a pretty little woman of some two-and-thirty years, whose delicate pink and white fairness, good temper, and prosperous circumstances generally, had somehow preserved her from looking so full of life as before the toilet-table arranging the pale-blue bows of her bonnet-strings.

"Adela, I have seen him!" cried Kate, sinking down on her knees by the side of her friend.

Lady Ellerton looked nervously round to see if her maid was still in the room, but finding that that dame had discreetly retired, she inquired:

"Seen who? not Jack?"

"Yes, Jack, as you call him—your brother, Mr. Dormer."

Lady Ellerton continued to pat down the flaxen curls of her fringe with loving fingers, regarding her pretty face attentively in a hand-glass the while.

"Well," she inquired unconcernedly, turning her head from side to side.

"I hate him!" said Kate, with tragic solemnity.

Lady Ellerton jumped, and the glass fell out of her hand upon the dressing-table.

"Good gracious!"

"And he hates me," continued Miss Ingley, in a deep voice of horror.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have met him somewhere, and quarreled?"

"What did he say to you?"

"Nothing."

"What did you say to him, then?"

"Nothing," she repeated, gloomily.

"For goodness' sake, explain."

"I was in a shop; they came in—your brother and a dreadful friend of his, Lord Kyrie."

Adela nodded; the "dreadful friend" was a particular crony of her own, but she let that pass.

"They began talking about me—Lord Kyrie said I was a 'horrid girl,' he described me as a sort of wild animal, a tom-boy who climbed trees, a cat-in-the-hat who swam and talked slang—oh, it was shameful!"

"Well, but Kitty, people do say that you are fast, you know," suggested her friend.

"What do they mean by 'fast'?" what does anybody mean?" she cried passionately; "I don't know themselves. It is true I have high spirits, and that I like bodily exercise, but I never did the dreadful things that brute said."

"Cigarettes," murmured her ladyship.

"And where's the harm? there's no sin in a cigarette! But I haven't told you half. After he had given this delightful and perfectly gorgeous sketch of my character, he mentioned my fortune (that was correct enough), and asked him if he would like to be introduced to me; and Mr. Dormer replied that he would go a long way to avoid coming across her. There—what do you think of that?"

"Pooh! Jack will like you when he knows you, Kitty, as I do."

Miss Ingley got up from her knees, and began pacing up and down the room; suddenly she stopped behind her friend's chair and put both hands on her shoulders.

"Adela, you know you meant your brother to marry—hush! don't exclaim. It was a particular crony of her own, but she let that pass."

She tossed her hat off and seized a hairbrush. Away vanished all the crisp dark little curls that rippled all over her head, a straight parting, flattened locks falling back on either side, lowered eyelids, a little perked-up mouth that looked simplicity itself; the whole expression of her face, almost her very features, seemed to be changed. Lady Ellerton burst out laughing.

"My dear child, everybody says rightly; that you are the cleverest amateur actress in London! Why, I don't believe even James would recognize you!"

"Sir James must be in the secret, of course, but no one else; it will only be for four days, and then I go on to the Wigrams. You agree? All right, then I come."

"And if I don't make that young man fall head over ears in love in four days," said Miss Ingley to herself, as she ran away down stairs, clenching her little fist as she went, "then shall I vote myself forever unworthy of the name of Woman!"

A week later Jack Dormer stood in his sister's little blue and white boudoir at Fosseborough Court in the County of Wessex. He had just arrived and the dressing-bell had rung, but still Jack lingered chatting to his favorite sister, deaning with his back against the mantelpiece, to the no small danger of the China menagerie of wild beasts which were arranged thereupon.

"And whom have you got staying in the house, Ady?"

"Oh, not a very amusing party, I fear, old Lord and Lady Sale, Mr. and Mrs. Halket, Mrs. Ritchie and her daughter, rather a long girl, you remember."

"Yes," shudderingly, "her voice is a never-to-be-forgotten item of her presence."

"A cousin of James', George Andrews, a clerk in the Board of Trade—and, let me see, who else—oh, only little Miss Rose."

"Who is Miss Rose, pray?"

"An insignificant little person; a daughter of an old governess of mine."

"Rose—Rose. I don't remember the name."

"No, it was before your time, you were a baby then," replied Lady Ellerton, tranquilly; for when a woman has made up her mind to tell lies, she is generally a thorough mistress of the art. "She is a Quakeress," she added, calmly.

"A Quakeress; how amusing! I don't think I ever met one in society before; does she say 'thee' and 'thou'?"

"Oh, no; that is out of date now," replied Adela, quoting her friend's information on the subject; "but you are not likely to speak to her, Jack, she won't interest you, poor little thing. And now really, my dear boy, we must go and dress for dinner; look at the time!"

"By the way, Ady," said the young man, as he followed Lady Ellerton upstairs, "I hear an outrageous character of that friend of yours, Miss Ingley; she is not here, I suppose?"

"Well, I'm glad of it, for I'm sure I shouldn't like her," he said.

"You will see her next week at the Wigrams' ball."

"Well, I shan't dance with her, that is certain."

"Won't you, my friend?" muttered between her lips a young lady, who in the gathering twilight stood above them upon an upper flight of stairs. "We will see about that."

Jack Dormer took Mrs. Halket in to dinner; she was rather pretty, but excessively dull; the lady on the other side of him was Miss Ritchie, with a loud voice—she on the contrary was lively—overlively, indeed, to please him—and she was moreover singularly plain. Jack, who was a perfect expert on the subject of women, felt intensely bored between the two. In the intervals of eating his dinner and keeping up a desultory forced conversation, his eyes wandered perpetually across the table to where, exactly opposite him, sat a young lady in a high gray silk dress. The dress was the first thing that struck him about her. There was all around him a great exhibition of bare necks and shoulders and of fat arms displayed in all their unlovely length. Jack, who was fresh from a long residence in the East, where the charming mystery of veiled womanhood had been a strange fascination over his somewhat over-refined and sensitive mind, regarded these customs of modern English life with something akin to disgust.

"It is a remnant of barbarism!" said Jack to himself, and then his eyes rested once more down satisfaction upon the young lady opposite to him.

Her dove-gray dress was softened at the throat by folds of white tulle; her sleeves were long, only displaying the rounded whiteness of her wrists and arms up to the elbow. Then from looking at her dress he began to look at her face. Her long eye-lashes were for the most part downcast. As he looked up, the glances from her beautiful brown eyes seemed to pierce his heart, and intelligent. He noticed that when she talked to her neighbor her voice was low and gentle; how different she seemed from all the other women! How simple, how womanly, how good was the expression in her face! There was she, he wondered, and then suddenly he recollected; of course this was "Miss Rose, the Quakeress."

After dinner, when the gentlemen joined the ladies, he went straight up to her and sat down beside her.

"My sister told me you were here, Miss Rose, so you must forgive me for introducing myself. May I sit here and talk to you?"

"Oh, yes!" Her eyes fell, and a bright color rose in her cheeks.

"I have been a long time out of England, traveling in Eastern countries, and you can't think how odd English society seems to me, now I have come back to it."

"Yes," still with downcast eyes, playing with the dove-colored folds of her dress.

"The women, for instance, they look so strange; so—almost bold and un-feminine. I suppose it is because my eye is unaccustomed. Now you, for instance, you remind me more, do you know, of the women of the East than anybody I have seen since I have been home."

"Oh! Are they not very ignorant, poor things?" Up went the brown eyes, flashing into him a look of innocent surprise.

Jack laughed. "Ah—you had me there. I do not mean that it is in their ignorance and want of education that you remind me of them."

"Oh, I am very glad of that!" with a little effusion that was complimentary. "I should not like you to think me ignorant."

"I am sure you are not," answered Jack very fervently, although why he was so sure of it he would have been puzzled to say. He was, however, very certain that Miss Rose had the loveliest and the sweetest manner of any woman he had ever met, including all the Eastern hours upon whom his

memory dwelt with so much fondness. He devoted himself to her the whole evening, and during the next day it was remarked that the gray frock—by which daylight was never without the attendant figure of handsome Jack Dormer in close proximity. Lady Ellerton and her easy-going husband, who had promised to do his part—which, as his wife said, was only to hold his tongue—looked on with amusement and satisfaction. As to the Quakeress herself, it is difficult to explain exactly what was in her mind about the giant's frame she was perpetrating upon her innocent victim. She was very reticent upon the subject even when chance threw her alone in the society of her friend, and received the laughing congratulations upon her acting with an extraordinary quietness and a silence which was truly remarkable. It is, however, to be surmised that she threw herself into the part on amore, and that the character she was portraying was in no way unpleasant to her; for she looked to confess the stable she led into retired shrubbery walks, and showed no indisposition to unduly linger in distant green-houses and summer-houses; so that Mrs. Ritchie made grateful remarks about the aptitude of her guest, and even the spite of her back against the mantelpiece, to the no small danger of the China menagerie of wild beasts which were arranged thereupon.

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"Who is Miss Rose, pray?"

"An insignificant little person; a daughter of an old governess of mine."

"Rose—Rose. I don't remember the name."

Jack made room for her beside him. "How did I do it?" she whispered to him. "It was perfect. I am speechless with amazement at your acting. I had no idea you were so clever." This praise was grateful to her; she was so conscious of having acted her best. "If you had studied the part for weeks you could not have done it better. She had studied it for weeks. She played with the buttons of her glove, and held her tongue. "It was dreadful to me to see you act that part like that," he went on in a whisper. "Did it pain you?" She lifted her dark eyes and fixed them upon him, with an earnest yearning look in them; how different was now their expression from that which he had seen in them half an hour ago!

"Yes," he murmured back, "because I love you, and you know it." The charades were going on upon the stage and the audience was in a state of semi-darkness. She lowered her eyes, and a faint smile hovered upon her lips: was it of joy or was it of triumph? a little of each, perhaps. "I love you as you are, and yet everything you do and say is right in my eyes, because it is you," he went on passionately.

"Even the cigarettes?" she murmured.

"I forgive you even that; no other woman could have acted that, and yet produced